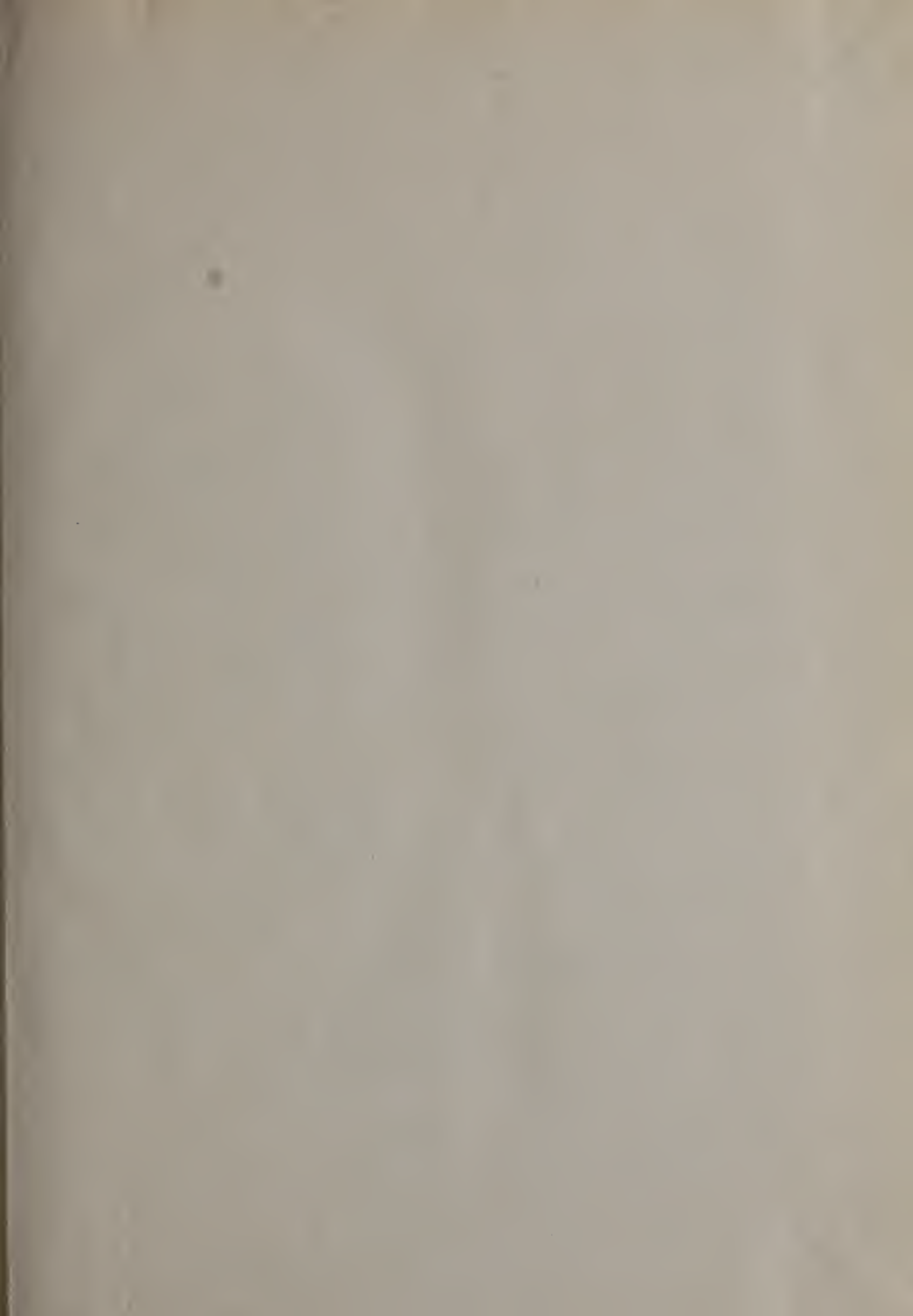






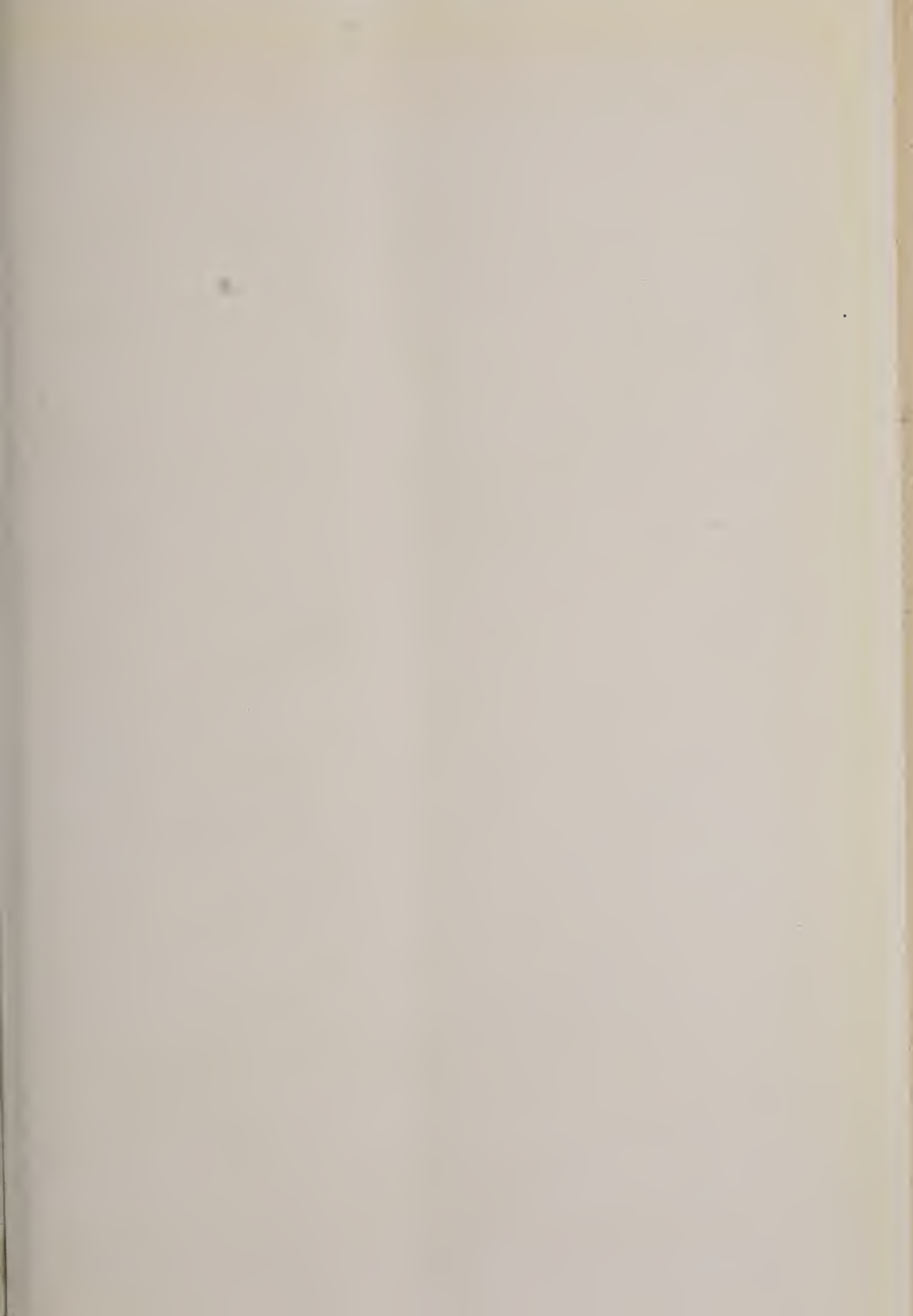
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WITH "THE CHILD IN THE MIDST" AT NORTHFIELD. (See page 418).

# Life and Light

Vol. XLIV.

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No. 9

Those closest in missionary circles and other friends were not surprised to learn that the long months of weakness and failing strength were

ended and that Dr. Daniels had entered upon eternal life.

Dr. Charles H. Daniels. He died at his home in Wellesley, Mass., August 3, at midnight. The service was held in the chapel of the Congregational Church at Wellesley. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. L. W. Hicks, a former minister, conducted the service, and appropriate and loving words were spoken by Rev. James B. Gregg and Dr. James L. Barton. Dr. Daniels was born in Lyme, N. H., in 1847, but spent his early life in Worcester, Mass. He was a graduate of Amherst College, class of 1870, and of Union Theological Seminary. His early pastorates were in Montague, Mass., in Cincinnati, O., and in Portland, Me. In 1888 he became district secretary of the American Board in New York and five years later was elected Home Secretary, a position he held until 1903 when he retired and became the pastor of Grace Church, South Framingham, Mass. In 1910 failing health compelled him to give up active work and since that time he has resided with his family in Wellesley. His earnest work, his fidelity to trust and to friendship, his patience and gentleness in the years of his enforced retirement from the Christian ministry he so loved, were among the characteristics dwelt upon by those who took part in the funeral service. Mrs. Daniels has been the president of the Woman's Board of Missions since 1906 and will have the sympathy of a wide circle in her bereavement. Of the three daughters Anna and Margarette are at home at this time, but the youngest daughter, Agnes Carter, is in Germany,—where she went in June to spend the summer in the study of music.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Anatolia Girls' School at Marsovan was observed June 17 and 18 with appropriate exercises.



A tent was erected just outside Fritcher Hall, which accommodated a thousand people and was well filled by friends of the school. The Jubilee Days at principal, Miss Charlotte R. Willard, presided, the school-girls rendered beautiful music and the anniversary address was given in Turkish by Rev. H. K. Krikorian. An interesting résumé of the history of the school was read by Miss Prapien Gureghian, who has been connected with the enterprise from the beginning, when Rev. J. Y. and Mrs. Leonard (Marsovan, 1860-1882) called Miss Anna Felician from Hasskey to assist in "an afternoon school with pupils from ten years old to thirty-five." In 1863 the Woman's Board of Missions sent out Miss Eliza Fritcher who after spending a year in Harpoot came to Marsovan and started a boarding school, laying the foundations of what has now developed into a sturdy institution with 260 pupils of five nationalities, while during the fifty years 276 graduates have gone forth to help raise the ideals and bless the lives of the women of Turkey. Miss Frances Gage who became principal in 1893 was happily present, having returned to Turkey to engage in Y. W. C. A. work, after fifteen years' absence, and one of the helpful features of the anniversary was a Y. W. C. A. conference under the care of Miss Gage. *The Orient* for July 1 in commenting on this session says, "It would surprise people in the Occi-



dent to discover how similar the problems of the Oriental family have become in these recent years and how wisely these women were able to face them."

Another pleasant feature of the occasion was the bringing of greetings from the Woman's Board by Miss Annie Merrill of Des Moines, Ia., and the proposal of Professor Hagopian that the school make an offering for



the Golden Anniversary Gift of the Board. The amount received was forty *liras*,—about \$176. After this the whole school joined in singing a Jubilee Hymn to the tune of "America," for which Dr. C. C. Tracy had written the words. Miss Willard, principal for the last seventeen years, and honored and beloved by all her associates and pupils, was presented with a loving cup. The occasion was further signalized by the formation of an Alumnae Association with about forty-five *alumnae* present.

There convened at Cincinnati, Ohio, June 30 and July 1, a council of forces at work for the evangelization of Mexico which though small numerically was large in the import of its deliberations. The first fact to be noted is that the sixty-one people in attendance formed a highly representative body, including missionaries and officers of eleven Boards having work in Mexico, and one each from the Bible Society and Y. M. C. A. It was in direct line with the leading motive of the World's Missionary Conference held in Edinburgh in 1909,—the promoting of unity among Christian bodies laboring for the evangelization of the world. An unparalleled opportunity for putting into operation in Mexico the principles making for Christian unity was now open to us. Owing to political and national conditions all missionaries, practically, had been withdrawn from that country, making it possible now to mass a considerable number of them in one place for purposes of consultation, and furthermore the re-establishment of work at many points in Mexico would now be inevitable as a result of the revolution. The time was ripe for a forward move, and to lay plans for it was the work of this Conference. Dr. Robert E. Speer as chairman of the Committee on Co-operation in Latin America, appointed by the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference, and Dr. W. F. Oldham of the same committee, were largely responsible for the success of the Conference through their wise and laborious work of preparation for it.

After prolonged devotional exercises of great spiritual power, the report of the Committee on Arrangements was given and their recommendations adopted. By this the Conference was organized into five committees which should consider the points of chief importance and report later to the entire body. These committees were on:—

1. Press and Publication.
2. Theological, Educational and Training Schools.
3. General, on Education.
4. Territorial Occupation.
5. Questions not included in the above four.

It was generally conceded that Committee No. 4 had the most important task in hand. Repeated and protracted councils were the history of each committee, but the labors more abundant of that on Territorial Occupation concluded only during the final session of the Conference. The amazing result was then fully revealed. All Mexico had been partitioned among the eleven co-operating Boards in a way to economize space, concentrate effort, prevent the duplication of work, and ensure the occupancy of the entire field. Every Board had been obliged to make concessions and all had done so with complete forgetfulness of personal interest. All had been obliged to assume new responsibilities and had gladly done so. To us of the Congregational ranks the decision means that we shall cede the Guadalajara field where the work of many years has taken deep root and shall assume the responsibility for about three fourths of the state of Chihuahua, the whole of Sonora, and Sinaloa as far south as the Sinaloa River, and Lower California,—a territory four times the size of New England.

The Conference at Cincinnati had no legislative power and all its decisions must be referred to the Boards for confirmation, but it is not to be anticipated that any of these bodies will wish to reverse the conclusions reached by this gathering of experts.

If adopted these recommendations will mean a unifying of the body of Christ in Mexico, the Church of Christ will present one solid front to the people of that land, and denominational lines will be given a place of secondary importance.

“Even so come, Lord Jesus.”

K. G. L.

Owing to the unexpected outbreak of war among the European powers the American Board has deemed it wise to cancel all prospective sailings

**Missionary** of its missionaries from the Atlantic seaboard for the immediate present. This decision affects Miss Isabel M. Blake, who expected to return to her work in Aintab, accompanied by Miss Florence D. Short, Miss Mary L. Daniels of Harpoot, Miss Olive Greene, eager to take up her work in Smyrna, Miss Katharine Hazeltine, a new worker for Van, Miss Ruth M. Bushnell, a missionary of the Board of the Interior returning to Eastern Turkey after several years in this country, and Miss Anna F. Webb, directora of our Girls' School in Barcelona, Spain. Miss Mary E. Kinney of Adabazar, who has been spending some weeks with her sister in Alberta, Canada, has also been obliged to change her plans.

Much concern is felt in regard to the movements of members of the missionary circle now abroad. Miss Keith, our assistant treasurer, when last heard from was detained in Berlin. Secretary Eddy and family were in France just starting for Vevey, and Mrs. Chauncey J. Hawkins with her little child was able to leave Germany and cabled her safe arrival in London. Professor and Mrs. Edward Moore at last accounts were in London and Miss Frances Vose Emerson in Paris.

Miss Mary L. Matthews of the Balkan Mission has been granted extension of furlough and will remain in this country another winter for further recuperation and rest. Miss Annie E. Pinneo who has been teaching for several years in the Collegiate Institute in Smyrna expects to spend the next year in this country, where she will do some special study.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Alice C. Bewer of Aintab, Turkey, to Dr. Garabed K. Daghlian of the same city, is at hand. The wedding took place July 14 at Aintab. Miss Mary E. Cole sailed from Boston August 1 on the Devonian, *en route* to Trebizond, where she expects to assist her sister Nellie, who will meet her in England. Miss Cole's commission service was held in the rooms of the American Board Thursday noon, July 30. Dr. Barton presented the commission and offered the prayer of consecration.

The death of Rev. Hervey Crosby Hazen, July 20, removes the senior member of the Madura Mission, one who first went out to the field forty-seven years ago. Mr. Hazen was born in Ithaca, N. Y., Crosby Hazen. June 26, 1841, graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1862 and three years later from Auburn Seminary. His first period of work in India was a brief one owing to the frail health of his wife, *née* Ida J. Chapin, and he went through the sorrowful experience of her death and that of their only child. In 1884 he married Miss Harriet Cook and returned to the Madura Mission. He worked arduously at various stations and out-stations and was indefatigable in itineracy. Mr. Hazen was a man of slight spare figure, giving the impression of physical weakness, but he had a strong constitution and his was the strength of singleness of purpose. He was a man of deep faith and of the utmost confidence in the power of prayer. And in this was his pre-eminence rather than as a leader in thought or in administrative work. Writes one of his associates: "As a man of spiritual power, of fervent prayer, and of intimate communion with God he was far beyond the rest of us." The Indian pastors and Christians recognized this also and leaned in times of stress upon the intercessions of Father Hazen.

Mrs. Eliza Carr Washburn, wife of Rev. George T. Washburn, D.D., passed peacefully away in her eightieth year at her home in Meriden, Conn., July 23. The burial was at Lenox, Mass. Dr. Washburn. and Mrs. Washburn gave forty years of service to the American Board in the Madura Mission, South India, resigning in 1900. Mrs. Washburn, by her genial personality, excellent judgment and quiet enthusiasm in all departments of work has long been held in loving remembrance by her fellow workers and the hundreds of students who came under her motherly influence always mention her name in reverence and gratitude.

S. B. C.

Mrs. Harry Wade Hicks sends this interesting account of the Conference at Silver Bay: The Eastern Conference of the Missionary Education Movement representing the general Home and Foreign Mission Boards held at Silver Bay, N. Y. (Lake George) was attended by 522 delegates from twenty states and representing twenty denominations. A staff of fifty speakers, teachers and other leaders were engaged in conducting the twenty-four special courses of instruction. Missionaries were present from Japan, China, India, Assam, Turkey, Africa and Mexico. The five leading delegations were as follows: Presbyterian, 141; Episcopal, 138; Congregational, 70; Methodist Episcopal, 67, and Baptist, 48.

The program was purely elective in character. Three specially enrolled two-hour normal classes were held daily. A large group of delegates entered the two sections on Church Efficiency and Woman's Work. Daily open parliaments were held for representatives of our young people's societies, county Sunday-school missionary superintendents, clergymen, laymen and women interested in the discussion of the broad subject of church missionary efficiency, women representing organized work by and for women and the leaders of the elementary, intermediate, senior and adult groups in graded missionary instruction.

The chief text-books used as the foundation in normal classes were *The Social Aspects of Foreign Missions* by W. H. P. Faunce, *The New Home Missions* by H. Paul Douglas and *The American Indian in the New Trail* by T. C. Moffett.

Dr. T. H. P. Sailer was dean of the mission study section; Mr. R. E. Diffendorfer of the section of graded missionary instruction; John M. Moore of the open parliaments. The Executive Secretary of the Conference was Mr. H. S. Myers; the presiding officer, Mr. H. W. Hicks.



The preachers were Rev. Hugh L. Burleson, D.D., Editorial Secretary of the Episcopal Board of Missions; Rev. Sidney L. Gulick, D.D., of Japan, and Mr. Robert E. Speer of New York.

The chief emphasis of the platform meetings and class work was on the unified program of missionary education, prayer, giving and service in which practically all the general and woman's Boards have united for 1914-1915. The subject of this program is "The Social Force of Christian Missions," and its slogan "Christ for Every Life and all of Life."

The place accorded to *Plainfield*, Conn., on the Honor Roll in the Roll of Honor August LIFE AND LIGHT belongs to *Plainville*, Conn., Correction. where the auxiliary has 35 members and 22 subscribers.

As the study text-book for this year so appeals to older girls and young women as well as to their mothers, it is proposed to have a normal class **A Leaders'** early in the fall to make easy its use in our societies. To **Study Class.** this end the junior societies of Greater Boston,—by which is meant those organizations where the members are between sixteen and twenty-six or thereabouts,—are invited to send two or more members to this class which will be held at the Woman's Board Rooms, probably Monday evenings, beginning September 21, at 7.30. There will be four sessions, lasting an hour and a half each. The only expense attending the class will be the purchase of a copy of *The Child in the Midst.* Miss Marion Kendall of Cambridge will be the leader. Other details will be given in special announcements later.

On July 28 Miss Harriet E. Douglass of Waterford, Me., for the past eleven years a vice president of the Western Maine Branch, passed into **Harriet E.** the heavenly life. Miss Douglass came of a long line of men **Douglass.** and women, whose names,—Douglass and Abbott,—have been associated with all that is best in the life of New England. Frail in body and advanced in years, she spared neither time and strength in connection with her office as vice president to stimulate the women of the little churches of Union Conference to form missionary societies, to educate the children in missionary lore, and to persuade the young pastors to listen to her story of the Woman's Board. Her death occurred in Southport, Me., where she was spending a few weeks.

#### THE TREASURY RECEIPTS

	For Regular Work			For Buildings	For Special Objects	From Legacies	TOTAL
	Branches	Other Sources	Total				
July 1-31	\$4,464.87	\$1,211.00	\$5,675.87	\$2,066.90	\$29.00	\$1,441.04	\$9,212.81
Oct. 18, 1913- July 31, 1914	89,089.95	5,050.99	94,140.94	37,703.47	1,958.91	32,443.64	166,246.96

## CHILD LIFE IN MEXICO

BY SARA B. HOWLAND, GUADALAJARA

AT a time when the political unrest in Mexico keeps before the world the saddest and most trying of conditions in that beautiful land, it is a relief to turn our thoughts toward one of the hopeful and inspiring problems of the future, the study of child life and its marvelous possibilities.



A FOND MOTHER.

There is something appealing in childhood, seen in any land under the sun; and certainly it is true that no mission field presents a more beautiful type than that found in Mexico. And how many, many children there are! Snugly wrapped in the *rebozo* of the mother as she sweeps and cooks her dinner; smiling broadly from the old market basket on the floor; or rolling in the warm sunshine of the sidewalk, are dozens of the little creatures with great black eyes and hair enough to "do up," dressed or undressed, laughing or crying, but always objects of tender solicitude on the part of the family.

In the public gardens, driving in the family carriage or automobile, playing in the lovely flower-decked patios, are other groups of beautiful children, elegantly dressed in silks and laces, curled and combed according to the latest fashion. There is a separate nurse for each child, and sometimes two for one of an especially rich family, where one carries the child and the other bears the elaborate bonnet, the bottle of milk and the immense doll, like that which delighted the heart of Jean Valjean's little Cosette. Some of these children are unusually beautiful, with large dark eyes shaded by long lashes, skin of a clear olive or fair and rosy as the case may be, chubby limbs and fine physical development.

The babies are usually very placid in disposition, and it is rare to see



a screaming child on the street, for the Mexican is most indulgent as a parent, and the nurse is a real child lover and thinks it impossible to do anything against the will of her little charge. "He did not wish it" is a sufficient excuse for any failure to insist upon sleeping, eating or bathing at the expected time. It must be admitted, however, that in some way children are usually made to be obedient and respectful to their parents, for whom they are trained to have the highest consideration. The "obedient child" is always the model in song and story, and training in "manners" is considered even more important than the art of reading and writing. A *Treatise on Urbanity* was one of the first schoolbooks we saw upon entering the country, and these lessons formed a part of the daily exercises in every primary school. Indeed, it used to be our despair to see these tiny morsels of children rise and stand before the guest to deliver their sonorous names: "Juan Nepomoceno Rodríguez, at your service, Street of the Holy Spirit, number 1014," while our little ones would hasten to bury their faces in the maternal gown, having to be dragged forth, *vi et armis*, to salute the distinguished visitor, undergoing, meanwhile, a vigorous prompting in regard to their names, ages and residence. I well remember our amusement, upon returning from a walk, to find a two years' old child seated in a large chair in the *sala*, having been brought to be presented to the family. As I entered the room, she gravely saluted me: "Good afternoon, Señorita Sara. Will you be seated?" waving her tiny hand in the direction of the sofa with as much grace as the Empress Josephine might use when inviting a court lady to share her divan. An American child of two years might have been found pounding upon the piano upon such an occasion wholly oblivious to the claims of society.

The expression "correct behavior" is often upon Mexican lips, and indeed no people understand better how to teach and observe most grace-



THE LITTLE MOTHER.

ful and charming customs. The daily life of a Mexican child is largely determined by the social position of its parents, not from any forced distinction, but simply from the limitations of poverty or the privileges of the rich. The poorer children are early taught to do the work of the home, the endless sweeping of the house and the street, keeping the sparks alive in the small charcoal fire and picking over beans and corn. Dressed in a sack and long calico skirt tied tightly about the waist, with hair plaited in a network of tiny braids all over the head, the little mother carries about the heavy baby, clad in an abbreviated shirt, while the small brother, in once white cotton garments, follows the father in field or forest. What an impossible task for the mother to keep a family of eight or ten in clean clothing, on a wage of fifty cents a day, with all the cooking, sewing, washing and ironing to do. It is a marvel to see some of our families of children brought immaculate to Sunday school, when they may not have more than one whole dress for each child, the garments having been washed and ironed on Saturday after the week's wear at school, the oldest of the girls helping to iron the clothes of the rest, with discretion beyond their years.

Mexican parents are usually very ambitious for the education of their children and are capable of great sacrifice for their welfare. With many little ones and hopeless poverty, it is very hard not to require the services of the oldest of the band to care for the "inexhaustible baby"; yet the mother patiently endures the long school hours until the happy day when her daughter shall be "received," that is, be graduated and, possibly, be able to take a school herself. With what joy does she wear her skirt of patchwork that she may buy a square of red satin for an embroidered sofa pillow, to be exhibited at the examination, or for chenille and ribbon to adorn the remarkable watch cases and boxes of the kindergarten. In every home there are specimens of the handwork taught in the schools, the beautifully executed maps, the dainty drawn work so often delicately wrought on the coarsest cotton fabric, the crocheted table spreads and tidies, well known to our early days. How often have we accepted, with a lump in our throats, the gay pieces of fancy work brought as a gift of love by the fond mother, so glad to offer the only "bit of color" in her own bare room; and how often has the child gone without a garment to buy a square of fine linen to make a handkerchief for the teacher's birthday! The Mexican child loves to give, and the poorest home is often the most joyful in its sacrifice.

On the frequent feast days the Mexican family is in its glory. Every

child is braided and combed and clothed, and starts forth with father, mother, grandmother and aunt to see the gaily decorated plaza, to buy long sugar canes and sticky cakes, to drink red lemonade and barley water galore. Never mind if there is no dinner to-morrow, for the memory of the happy yesterday will more than compensate, and if one were always "prudent," the children would pass a joyless existence with never a bit of *pan dulce* or molasses candy to be a milestone in a dreary path bordered with the daily ration of beans. Without the philosophy of a Thoreau to sustain, think of having always to make two beans grow where one grew before and then eat them all!

In the zeal of a very early missionary I expected every penny earned by the people to be expended upon "nourishing diet," with the surplus of a few pennies to be strictly guarded for the purchase of possible flannel petticoats; so I paid the wages or gave the gift with the exhortation of Mark Twain's boy to the indigent old man upon whom he bestowed a penny: "Spend it wisely, but do not be extravagant!"

A New England conscience still demands that the Mexican youth be taught economy, but I own to a secret sympathy with the *fiesta*, and one of the pleasantest uses of an occasional little gift, "to be spent as you think best," is to send off a happy little group with pennies in hand to buy toys or *dulces*. How many times have I been touched to the heart when the children returned joyfully bearing the best part of the treat for the "Señorita."

The little missionary children so keenly enjoyed the festival days that it helped us parents to understand the needs of others. How joyful was the morning of All Saints' Day, when one could buy the cutest little baskets and dishes that were ever made; and then there were the fascinating skeletons dancing upon wires and the candy skulls and cross-bones. At Christmas what dear little figures of the Christ Child were laid in the manger with wax sheep and oxen standing about; and the Virgin in the sweetest kitchen you ever saw, with charming jars and dishes ranged upon the walls! Holy Week was a succession of delightful scenes, and the sixteenth of September a blaze of lights and flags and pretty dresses; and everywhere, upon a *fiesta*, there is music and color and the breath of roses and orange blossoms in the air.

As we read the exaggerated accounts of the conduct of Mexican soldiers, nearly always represented to be bloodthirsty villains, I am reminded of an exquisite touch of kindness in a Mexican officer that I shall always remember gratefully. Two small daughters with another child went



forth to buy some toys, upon a feast day, and passed too near a vender of frail glassware whose goods were displayed upon the sidewalk. The baby "walked into" the collection, with disastrous results and the owner demanded payment for the broken bottles. It amounted to more than the children had together, so the wise elder sister left the two little ones as security and returned to the house for the money. The children were weeping copiously, with a crowd around them, when some soldiers passed. One of them stopped, asked the trouble, comforted the fair-haired little *Americanas*, paid the bill and had vanished before the sister returned. The Mexican soldier loves his own and everybody else's children, and we had another pleasant experience in traveling with two captains of Madero's army who were "armed to the teeth," but whose very peaceful occupation was that of drawing pictures for the small boy of the party; and a true little sidelight upon the hard character of General Huerta showed him riding with his automobile full of children or stopping to pat the head of every boy he met. I do not believe that a Mexican "bandit" exists who would not care for a little child who ran to him for protection.

The love of children is one of the distinguishing traits of Mexican character, and if I were to mention the surest way to disarm prejudice and make friends, it would be to go accompanied by a baby or a group of children. The clerks in the stores always notice the little ones, and the favorite seat for them is upon the counter while an admiring group entertains the child during the time of the mother's stay in the store. Hygienic mothers might be shocked to see their offspring lifted high in the air or given a hearty kiss by a stranger; but no harm has ever resulted to our babies from the sincere admiration bestowed upon them, except, possibly an early knowledge of their infant charms. One tiny daughter turned to me, after an ardent expression on the part of a passing lady as to eyes and curls: "O mamma, what a nice lady! Didn't she talk beautifully?"

Here comes one of the great needs of the Mexican child,—careful, wise training during the formative years. Excessive attention makes the child of the poor woman beg to be carried in arms when the mother needs to be free to work, and it often makes the child of luxury helpless and autocratic. Injudicious feeding produces sickly children and the death rate is far too large for a country of such ideal natural conditions; while unwise indulgence makes them capricious, and admiration engenders a love of flattery. Because Mexican parents love their children so

devotedly, they do for them all that is in their power; but the abuse of the Church of Rome under which they have been educated keeps from the growing mind the knowledge of their best heritage. A blind belief in the power of priest, of saint, of holy relic, fosters superstition of every kind and the confessional tends to make the youth careless of the effect of sin, untruthful in word, and deceitful in action. Lack of wise education leads to ignorance and vice, and throughout the Mexican press of to-day, from the pen of their strongest thinkers, comes the demand for the best that can be given them to fit them for the mighty task of reorganizing a nation to meet the tremendous problems of to-day. Said a prominent Mexican lawyer, some months ago: "I did not understand what your schools were doing and I antagonized them; but now I see you were teaching what we all need to-day, the principles of true liberty."

In the reconstruction of Mexico, there has come an unprecedented opportunity for our Christian teachers and preachers. Doors have opened and new occasions have taught new duties. The onward march has begun and our work must be no longer spasmodic, unorganized and feeble; but stable, orderly and strong. We must be supported by the Church at home in a more fitting and adequate way for the great adventure in Mexico. If we unworthily let slip this present opportunity, we shall not find another, no, neither in this world nor in that to come.

The Child in Mexico appeals to us with outstretched arms that it may be restored to its birthright of happiness, of liberty in the truth, of love that shall lead it back to the Good Shepherd and to the joy of the eternal Home.



PLAYTIME IN THE RIVER

## THE UMBUNDU BABY AND ITS MOTHER

BY ELISABETH R. ENNIS, WEST CENTRAL AFRICA

Mrs. Merlin W. Ennis who with her husband sailed in April from New York and has been studying Portuguese in Lisbon had planned to sail from England August 28 returning to the West Central Africa Mission. What effect the present war will have upon their movements it is impossible to state.

MUCH that may be said of the Umbundu woman is no doubt true of the average African woman, yet tribes quite near each other present many differences and what I shall say here refers only to the women of the Ovimbundu tribe in the uplands of Angola. They are a large tribe, widely traveled and fairly representative of the Central African.

The "female of the species" is difficult of description, be she militant, domestic or professional, and the Umbundu woman is no exception. I have sometimes thought her the original suffragette. There are many contradictions in her character; at the same time spirited and docile, hard-worked and easy-going, willing to learn and slow to practice. In her conservatism she stands the guardian of the traditions of the mothers, the keeper of the sacred fire of tribal life. It is usual for us to look upon the "heathen" woman as down-trodden, the natural man as the natural woman's oppressor, but I have come to feel the idea quite an erroneous one. True she tills the soil and wins her daily "mush" by the sweat of her brow, but possessing the key to the granary she possesses the key to the situation, and the Umbundu woman is not the only one who complains over tasks she would not have taken away from her for the world.

She loves the smell of the good brown earth when the rains come and, even as she forgets the pain of her travail in rejoicing that a child is born into the world, so in the joy of the harvest festivals she forgets the ache of bending back and weary arms. But she *is* down-trodden in the bonds of her own superstition and conservatism. She is not so burdened by much serving as by her narrow vision of what service is and only the Christ,





through the agency of her far-away sisters, can set her free and broaden her vision.

In one respect she emulates that excellent woman whom the mother of King Lemuel taught him to admire—"she arises while it is yet night" and takes her daily supply of meal to the rocks to pound it. Sitting flat on the rock, the baby on her back, lulled by the regular motion of her body to finish his morning nap, she lifts the heavy mallet in her capable hand and brings it down on the corn with a deft and inimitable movement. With the other hand she lightly stirs and brushes the pounding into position. On every side the *ndu-ndu* of the pounding stick, mingled with weird chanting, sounds on the morning air.

When she brings the pounding back to the village and puts it to dry—generally on an ant-hill—she prepares the morning meal, a very hasty affair, and collects the tools for her day's work. The big hoe with two short handles, which is the one agricultural implement of the country, a brand to start the fire in the field hut and a gourd of beer—the settlings being for the baby—she puts in the large basket which she poises on her head, locks her house and takes the key with her. Children not big enough to be useful in the field are left to wander about in the village with headquarters where they can find them, and sometimes the man of the house, wanting a book or an implement, is obliged to crawl in the window. Often a woman walks several miles to her field passing the fields of women from other villages. If there is any rational system by which fields are selected other than that of the greatest possible inconvenience I have failed to discover it. Here she works with many a pause for gossip over the fence, until mid-afternoon. Generally she works with the baby on her back, his little bobbing head uncovered to that god of flame, the African sun. Then she loads her basket with the daily food supply, tops it with a huge bunch of firewood and wends her way villageward.

Arrived there she must *tapa* water from a spring not more than half a mile away, carrying one or two gourds for the purpose, so you see not much can be used for washing of pots and pans. The village springs into life as the sun sinks in the west; women come in from every direction with gay calls of mutual welcome; babies stretch their cramped legs and crawl about before the doors, thus adding a few more germs to their collection; the smoke of the evening fires rises from each hearth and finds its lazy way through the thatch. All the village is one family. In Africa one does not say, "I am going home," but "I am going to the village."



A HAPPY CHRISTIAN FAMILY

One may well wonder when, with this program, the Umbundu woman does her housework, but the actual household tasks, as we regard them, rest very lightly upon her shoulders. She has a vast array of pots, baskets and bowls on the floor and from this collection she selects one, unwashed since last used, rinses it out with a little cold water and sets it on the fire with water for the mush. When the water boils she stirs in meal until it is so thick she can stir it no more; then it is "done" and she takes it off the fire. The digestibility of so starchy a mass, especially for children, can be imagined. At first my cook thought I bewitched cereals to make them swell so. As to the baskets in which the mush is served, they are like Jack Sprat's platter and need only a dash of cold water to keep the food from sticking. The ladle, too, must be rinsed for it is the *sine qua non* of a good African housekeeper to have her mush smooth on top. The accompanying dish of meat or beans is served in a wooden bowl and contains salt for both as the mush is not salted. A little girl carries them to the men in the *onjango* or village clubhouse and the women and girls eat by the kitchen fire. Later she stretches her

mat by the same fire and her children, unwashed and unblest, creep in beside her and the *door is shut*. Thus passes the day in the life of a village woman.

The Umbundu woman is not bought by the man who becomes her husband. True he must pay a certain amount to her uncle or father but it is in the nature of a reversed dowry. Having made his selection among the girls of his own or neighboring villages, the prospective bridegroom chooses an older friend to act as his envoy and to make the business arrangement whereby he pays a number of eights of cloth, an ox, or whatever may be agreed upon and sends a new cloth to his lady. By wearing it she announces her engagement. Long engagements are not in favor, at least from his point of view, for he must furnish his *fiancée's* clothes in the interval and her tastes are less tolerant than a wife's. The girl is generally consulted in the consideration of a husband and few men are rash enough to conclude a bargain where she is unwilling. I knew one girl who embroiled two families in endless confusion because, after having accepted her engagement cloth, she decided the young man talked too much and she would not have him—and she didn't!

As the wedding day approaches, the groom in the person of his envoy must be well supplied with small cash in the way of handkerchiefs and *epekas* (2 yards). He sends his envoy accompanied by a young girl and an older woman to fetch the bride; she in turn comes accompanied by a girl friend and her mother or another matron. Anyone who meets a bridal party at a crossroad can demand a "tip." The female part of the *cortège* camp in a little booth outside the village and the ceremony of combing the bride's hair is accomplished—a matter of more than one day, as it probably has not been combed for some months. Then she is arrayed in her wedding garments and is ready for callers and congratulations. The groom, meanwhile, wearing his oldest clothes to show to what depths of poverty all this festivity has brought him, convenes his own friends and gives them a feast.

At nightfall the bride is conducted to her husband's house and they cement blood friendship, eating together for the only time in their lives. In the morning before daybreak, the bride and her friends are up and away, bearing a pig to her own village, where she will celebrate with her people. It may be two weeks before she returns with her pots, baskets and household gods to take up the real business of life. She must not kindle the first fire in her kitchen herself or her pots will break. Happy the woman to whom comes the promise of a little child in the first year



of her marriage! If she fails to bring her husband children, domestic tragedy in some form is sure to result. A little girl is quite as welcome as a little boy and among the Ovimbundu twins are not regarded as an evil omen and are both allowed to live. The mother is then known as *Nalonjamba*, the mother of twins. In many other African tribes one of a pair of twins is immediately strangled.

The little Umbundu baby, desired though he is, never finds one scrap of preparation for his coming, not even a piece of clean cotton cloth in which his tiny form may be wrapped. A string with a bit of leather and some beads will be tied about his waist and that is all. This is to insure his being a "good baby." Friends and relatives, eager to inspect the new arrival, crowd the little room and he is passed from one to another with small regard for his comfort or well-being. The proud father hastens to buy a new *veleka* cloth and henceforth mother's back is baby's home.

Very soon after the arrival of the first born, father slings a wee pig over his shoulder, mother takes the baby and they are off to present both to the grandparents. Some one is selected for the baby's *sando*, that is, the person for whom he is named and this person becomes a sort of god parent. If the baby is a boy he may be named Ngonga or Kangende or Cimuku and then his mother is known as Nangonga or Nacimuku and sometimes her own name almost drops into oblivion. This is equally customary if the baby is a girl. I remember a woman called Namalesu after her oldest daughter, although she was the mother of several sturdy sons.

But now the fear which causes the African to live in jeopardy every hour clutches more wildly at the heart of the mother. The whole spirit world contends with her for the possession of her treasure and for the contest she is absolutely unequipped. In any fluttering leaf or rolling stone which crosses her path the evil spirit may lurk. It may take possession of her sister or her best friend and cause them to cast the spell whereby her back and breast are rendered aching voids. The mortality among little black babies is something fearful. But that the evil spirit which causes it is the black ignorance in her own mind she never dreams.

Directly she is able to sit up the mother begins giving her infant gruel made of corn meal which she pokes into its mouth with her unwashed fingers. Children who survive acquire a facility in rejecting anything forced upon them which is the despair of the doctors. At any time and at all times the child partakes of its natural nourishment which the mother

regards as a pastime and in no wise sufficient to sustain life. Unprotected by any clothing, she will take him from his warm nest on her back and expose him to the chill of our mountain air. The baneful malarial mosquito lurks everywhere, not to mention dozens of parasites and germs resulting from the unsanitary conditions of village life. After all, from demons to germs is but a step. If baby is sick or cries overmuch she will take him to the witch mother who will bind a charm on his head or try to drive out the spirit by blowing in his ear. A certain amount of herb lore these witch women have, but of slight medicinal value. Only the very fittest survive the struggle and many of them have their vitality sapped by the parasites they harbor. Where Christianity has come other standards are being set up. Let me quote from the last station report of Sachikela, Public Works Department.



A HOUSEHOLD TASK

“This work is under the control of five men; four are so chosen that one is on each corner of the station, with that part as his special charge, while the fifth is medical officer. The duties of these five are as follows: Supervision of the water supply; inspection of all possible breeding places for mosquitoes; they are to see that the streets are kept clean; they are to inspect all food stuffs and fields and the manner of cooking; they are to regularly inspect all latrines; they are to report once a month to the church and to the teacher in charge.”

With the eye of vision we look out from our beautiful Mt. Elende and

see not only the station at its foot thus organized, but where the smoke of evening fires rises from scores of villages we see communities like this with Christian homes and sturdy brown children. Will you not help us to make it real?

As soon as the child can toddle alone he begins to be a law unto himself. Unused to any regularity of procedure he brooks no restraint and it never occurs to an African parent that a child can be made amenable to reasonable authority. Tried beyond all endurance, a woman lets loose a flood of language accompanied by vigorous jerks which, by very force, quell the child; but she generally lets him serenely alone. I have seen a boy stand and scream for half an hour while his mother paid no more attention than to the wind. "Why don't you make him stop?" I ask. "*Ka tava*," "Why, he won't," she replies in ingenuous surprise.

But with all the incapability she shows, the Umbundu mother loves her child, for him she suffers and toils. Through her motherhood she can often be touched when she seems insensible to every other method of approach. With her patience, lack of nerves and abounding cheerfulness she has the foundation upon which knowledge and training may build a real Christian motherhood that shall yet in the dim future give to the world a new race. To be co-workers with "the great Father of the vast designs" in this, is our privilege and yours.

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## ON THE RETURN JOURNEY

BY MINNIE CLARKE

This account of Miss Minnie Clarke's return journey to Mount Silinda, Rhodesia, will interest her many friends.

I have been away from Silinda for more than a year, and only returned a few weeks ago. I wonder if you would like to hear a little of my journey here. From Boston to Beira I traveled by ship. Beira is quite a little town at the mouth of the Buzi and the Pungwe Rivers. I think that if you should go there what would amuse and interest you most would be the funny little trolleys in which everyone rides up and down the streets. They are pushed by native boys, on rails which are laid in the sand; and most of them have hoods for protection from the tropical sun. You see almost no animals in Beira—even dogs are very scarce.

What interested me most was the natives—crowds and crowds of native men and boys who have come to the town to seek for work. Everywhere you go you see them, sitting by the trolleys awaiting their masters; lying



full length face downwards asleep on the sand; working in gangs and companies, singing and shouting as they work; washing and ironing in the shade of a tree or a house; streaming in and out of the drink shops, or sitting by the bar while they drink the vile adulterated wine which is their curse and ruin.



ARRIVING AT BEIRA

My heart ached as I looked at them and remembered that, at present, there is *no missionary* at all in Beira to tell them of God and his love, and his power to save them from sin and drink and destruction. I know that you will rejoice with us in the hope that, before many more months have passed, Mr. Maxwell and Dr. Laurenz will have come to live in Beira for this very purpose. From Beira I came by train through Portuguese Territory to Umtali—the first railway station in Rhodesia. I think you will find the name marked on the map, if you look for it. I reached Umtali at about twelve o'clock at night, Saturday night, so it was Sunday morning before I had finished getting my luggage through the British Customs House. It had already gone through the Portuguese Customs House at Beira. I spent a few hours at a hotel, and then started at six o'clock in the morning on the journey of one hundred and sixty-five miles by mule cart to Silinda.

I felt very sorry to travel on Sunday, but this postcard (which carries the mail bags the first hundred miles of the way) only goes once a week, and always starts on Sunday.

While you were in church May 10, I was jolting over the rough, rutty road, behind six mules, a colored driver, and Uda, native boy, and "the mail." This "mail" is carried in great, dirty bags made of sail cloth. Some of it is in leather satchels, with the addition of boxes and packages of every description, varying from a bottle of whiskey done up in a box



ON THE LONG JOURNEY

to a dirty sack of nails just where I wanted to put my feet. On top of the "mail bags" was a big, greasy sail (to spread right over the cart in case of rain), a gun, and suit cases and small luggage belonging to another passenger and to me. As we went up the steep hills all these things came crowding down upon us—so that it was difficult to keep in the cart at all, especially when the road was very stony and the jolts were particularly bad. The sun came baking in, and we were soon quite brown with dust, as the mules galloped down the hills and strained and panted up the other side or plodded through deep, hot sand. The stars were up and the moon was shining when we arrived at a Dutchman's farm house, where we were to spend the night.

I was very thankful indeed to lie down for a few hours on a clean bed, in a bare unceiled room with a mud floor freshly smeared with cow-dung, and no sign of a mat. By four o'clock the next morning we were on our way again, under the stars, between the tall, African grass all dripping with the heavy dew. All was silent except for the croaking of the frogs in the Umvumvumu River, and the weird calls of birds and animals which, from time to time, came echoing through the darkness from the bush-covered hills around us—interrupted by the shouts of the driver, and the all-too-frequent sound of the lashing of his whip. Before noon we were winding through the cuttings round the precipitous sides of the Chimanimoui Mountains; and before sunset we had reached the little village of Melsetter, which is as far as the postcard goes.

Early on Tuesday morning I set off again in a smaller cart with two mules, hired from a Dutch farmer to take me the remaining sixty-five miles of the journey. It is a great pity that the mission possesses no such cart and mules of its own for the ever-recurring journeys to and fro from Umtali. Of course, two mules would not be sufficient for the whole journey. The Dutchman who drove me from Melsetter changed his team for a fresh one when we passed his farm, so I made a very quick journey. The last part of the road was even worse than that over which we had traveled; and it was with a heart full of thankfulness to God that on Wednesday afternoon I arrived without mishap or delay at Mount Silinda, where the kind, hearty welcome which I received made me forget all about the jolts and jars and heat of the way. I spent the first few days with Mr. and Mrs. King, as my rooms are not ready for me. It seemed good to see all the old friends again—the missionaries, and school girls and boys and other native people.

The girls from the boarding department all came up in a group and sang a pretty song of welcome in Zulu to *Nkosazana* as they call me.



AT HOME IN MT. SILINDA

Many of my old girls are still here, and there are some new faces which I have not seen before. I hope you will continue to be interested in these girls, who are so much in need of all the help that we can give them. It is sad to remember that there is, as yet, no home for the girls at Chikore, except in so far as Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Wilson can keep a few in their houses.



## A WELCOME TO A MISSIONARY

BY EFFIE PRICE GLADDING

Mrs. Thomas S. Gladding, now of Montclair, N. J., was well known before her marriage as Miss Effie Price, one of the student secretaries of the Y. W. C. A. Mr. and Mrs. Gladding have recently returned from a two years' visit to the mission field and Mrs. Gladding has kindly written for LIFE AND LIGHT this account of her visit to the Uduvil Girls' School. She is now chairman of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the National Board of the Young Woman's Christian Association.

Should we give an extra day of our precious time to buried cities or to living people? That was a question which engaged us one day as we journeyed. We had come by rail, a hot, dusty, two-hundred-mile ride, from Colombo to Jaffna, the northern city of Ceylon. Near Jaffna, with institutions in various country villages, is the American Congregational Mission. We had seen the students in the schools, the sick in the hospitals and the trained workers in the printing establishment. We had called upon a well-to-do but very dirty old Tamil woman, who did the honors of her little collection of huts, hidden behind their high green hedge, with true grace and hospitality. We had had delightful fellowship with the missionaries—a fine, able set of men and women, bearing cheerfully the trials of a moist, steamy climate on the flat, sandy end of a tropical sea island. And now we were leaving just on the eve of a very interesting event, the arrival of a new teacher at the Uduvil boarding school for girls—one whose father and grandfather had been missionaries for years in this very district and who was returning from an American education to the scenes of her childhood.

Should we stay to witness the formal welcome given her by the entire school? Or should we hasten on to Anuradhapura, once the magnificent capital of Ceylon, now a vast mixture of fallen pillars, huge stone tanks, memorial mounds and temples, spread over miles of tangled, marshy country? We decided in favor of the young missionary's welcome, and gave the melancholy ruins but one day.

There was a buzz of excitement in the school, among nearly two hundred girls, big and little, that Monday afternoon. The school *dhobie* (washerman) had taken the girls' garments—simple strips of cloth, red and white—and woven them into a pretty checker-board canopy, just under the *porte-cochère* roof. Hundreds of perforated flags, cut from gaily colored papers, fluttered brightly everywhere. The flags, the decorations of green, the preparation of the morrow's feast, all were the work

of the girls themselves. They prepared the school meals in shifts of nine, under the guidance of a woman who was in her place one of the pillars of the institution.

Arriving at evening, the weary traveler by sea and land saw the teachers standing together by the open door, the girls marching back and forth in winding procession on the veranda, each carrying a torch, all singing a song of welcome. Many a kindly, curious glance was cast from gentle, dark eyes at the tall, new teacher, who stood smiling, surprised and touched by this wave of welcome. Then off to study and to bed for the happy girls on the eve of a holiday and in to dinner for the teachers.

Tuesday was a great day. The entire school was formally assembled at nine in the morning. In the seats of authority sat the teachers, American and Tamil, and the native preachers of the district. Every girl was in holiday dress. The newcomer was in the place of honor. There were songs of welcome by the whole school and a specially printed address of welcome. One young student came solemnly up on the platform to face the guest of honor as she sang. Dear little girl! She was in European dress, having on a very bunchy, ruffled white muslin skirt, somewhat like an old-fashioned petticoat, and a very tight-fitting white satin bodice, buttoned in front.

The Uduvil school song was in English and began thus:—

“O Uduvil, dear Uduvil,  
Our praise to thee we render;  
Bright days and years within thy walls  
Live in our memory tender,  
Beneath thy palms we've laughed and sung,  
Rejoicing over tasks well done;  
O Uduvil, dear Uduvil,  
With gratitude we bless thee.”

I spoke briefly to the girls, my words being translated. It was a pleasure to describe to them the Wellesley campus and halls and to tell them I felt sure their new teacher and friend had received the inspiration to be of service to others when she was a schoolgirl like themselves.

Finally they listened with deepest attention to the sweet, simple, womanly speech of the new missionary, put into the difficult Tamil by one of the preachers. To speak correct Tamil, the language of Southern India and Northern Ceylon, one must “put one's tongue in curl papers over night,” they told me in Madras.

Then we all adjourned for luncheon, the entire teaching staff eating

together in Oriental fashion. Sitting on the floor, each with a plate made of a segment of beautiful smooth banana leaf that had never been used before and would never be used again (a bit of gracious Oriental etiquette), we ate our curry and rice with the right hand, dipping our fingers only to the second joint. Some of us had to ask for spoons, as we found it difficult to pick up enough food to satisfy our hunger. We had delicious little bananas to eat with our curry and thus soften its bite. The freshly ground curries which are stewed with rice in Ceylon and India cannot be too hot to suit the Eastern palate. But an unaccustomed one finds them rather severe. However, nowhere in all our travels did I eat such good curry as at the Uduvil luncheon.

The meal over, hands were washed in water poured from brass bowls. The Tamil teachers and preachers bowed their departure and we Americans went to sit at table and eat a second luncheon. This time we had potted ham, potato salad, bread and butter and coffee. Then came some quiet after-luncheon talks; and following them came old, old Tamil dances by the girls on the big veranda—rhythmic clapping of hands and leaping into the air.

But the day was waning and our train time was drawing on. How fervently I wished for magic power to touch some source of gold, and leave the Uduvil school the \$25,000 it needs for its new building! I had seen the girls sleeping at night in long rows on the floor, so crowded as to have scarcely room to turn. I could perfectly understand how a new building would relieve the congestion, give the older girls room for industrial work and allow more students to attend school. One cannot see such faithful, devoted work, such daily Christian influences, such happy, ordered, cleanly school life, and not long for its proper equipment.

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Miss Harriet G. Powers writes:—

Miss Webb tells of an experience June 12, the day before reaching Hadjin, as follows: "The night before reaching Hadjin, after two hours in the rain, we were sitting around a fire, drying off, in the general room of the khan, surrounded by horses, donkeys and fowls, when suddenly the telephone bell rang! The incongruity of it made us laugh. Some energetic official had conceived the idea of joining these mountain villages this way. Later Dr. Chambers talked with the preacher in a village three hours away and arranged for him to meet us as we passed the next day. How funny it seemed to notify the people of Hadjin *by telephone* when to expect us. Who says Turkey does not move?"





# Junior Work

## WAITING FOR YOUR USE!

The literature furnished for our work of missionary education in the churches this next year is remarkable in quality, quantity and power of appeal. Never before has there been one general topic for all our missionary thinking—home, foreign and local. Never has there been so much in the way of text-books, guides for study classes, dramatic material, program outlines, helps for developing the spirit of worship, suggestions for transmitting impulse into service, as are this year ready to our hand. Never have we had a topic more calculated to challenge the spirit of the times than that around which this material has been prepared, namely the social force of missions; or a slogan more inspiring than that to be sounded next winter in churches of all denominations, namely “Christ for every life and all of life.” The church which fails to utilize the opportunity afforded by the material and the concerted movement behind it is sleeping at its task. The woman’s society which does not see in it a mighty power of appeal to the young people and the men of the church and does not take step to help let this power loose, is neglecting the most strategic step it could take.

Now what is this literature? Space prevents the enumeration of it all and attention can here be given only to that part of it dealing with foreign missionary work, but a full announcement may easily be obtained from the Board. Why not make it a point to know about the entire plan?

From this mass of literature the Junior Department calls special attention to the following:—

**For Young Women’s Societies.** Use *The Child in the Midst*, a study of child welfare in Christian and non-Christian lands, by Mary Schaufler Labaree (30 cents in paper, 50 cents in cloth, plus postage). Mrs. Montgomery’s *How to Use* (10 cents) will be ready early in September. *Outline Programs for Use with The Child in the Midst* (10 cents) is ready now and contains two or sometimes three carefully worked out plans for each chapter. Some of these were prepared with young women’s societies especially in view. The books suggested for Young People’s Societies would also be appropriate, though the above will prove wonderfully appealing to young women. Be sure to use with it *Our World Wide Work*, a new survey of the work of the Woman’s Board (25 cents, postage 6 cents).

**For Girls' Societies or Clubs.** If you did not use *Ann of Ava* for your girls 14 to 18 years old last winter, it is available for this year. If you did, take *The Child in the Midst*; do not try to give each girl a copy but cull from your own that part of it which will appeal to girls. There is plenty along this line. See last month's LIFE AND LIGHT on this subject.

**For Young People's Societies.** *The Social Force of Foreign Missions*, by President Faunce of Brown University is the new text-book especially designed for mission study classes and for the basis of Christian Endeavor programs. Another possibility is the *New Era in Asia* by Sherwood Eddy. The latter is a trifle more popular in style, the former more solid. Consider your group carefully before deciding. (Both are 40 cents in paper, 60 cents in cloth, postpaid). Helps for leaders of study classes are prepared for both. (Free if used for a study class, otherwise 10 cents.) Popular program outlines for use with the former will be sent free on request. *The Individual and the Social Message*, a brief book by Shailer Matthews, designed primarily for men, will be a valuable supplementary book (25 cents). *The Child in the Midst* is also practicable for these societies. An annotated bibliography for reading and reference on the general subject of the social force of Christian missions will be helpful (free).

**Mission Bands and Union Societies.** The new children's text-book is *Our World Family* by Helen Douglas Billings (25 cents, postage 4 cents). Program suggestions are included in this. In addition there will probably be a special pamphlet of "ideas" and lists of the best supplementary leaflets available from other Boards ready the middle of September. Inquire for this. If you did not use last year's books, *Missionary Helps for Junior Leaders* (for children 5 to 12) and *Crusaders in Turkey* (for children 10 to 15) these are available. Program suggestions are included in them (25 cents, postage 4 cents).

**For Sunday Schools.** For the Primary and Junior Departments a series of stories, exercises and pictures on India will be ready in September. These will be somewhat similar to those of the past two years on China and Turkey and while intended for use before an entire department can be easily adapted to class work (25 cents per set). Program suggestions will be provided by the American Board for members of the Sunday school over twelve years of age and these will center around the general subject of the American Board's share in the social changes in the East.



# Board of the Pacific

Through the gracious courtesy of the pastor, Dr. Wm. K. Guthrie, and the members of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, our **The Annual Meeting** is to be held in their beautiful new church on Van Ness Avenue. A program is being arranged that will be worthy of the setting, and we are looking forward to an inspiring occasion with an attendance that will befit the place and the speakers. The time is the first Wednesday in September, which comes on the second of the month.

Come with me on rally day, for a walk at Mt. Hermon, during the Federate School of Missions. Here are the Methodists, and in a tree top, **In the Redwood** sure enough! We enter through charred stumps that **Circles.** date back hundreds of years, and climbing a flight of steps, land upon a floor built into a beautiful roomy redwood circle, to find a large group of earnest women listening to Mrs. Beatrice Bolt of the Indemnity College, North China. Not far away in a fine circle dedicated to the Epworth League, are the Congregationalists eagerly taking in every word of their speaker, Mrs. Mary Ament of Peking.

It is a real game of hide and go seek, and we *never* should find the Lutherans were they not singing, away down the glade, hidden away in a magnificent circle forty feet in diameter, that may have housed an Indian powwow, that we know has been an automobile garage, but never before in any probability has echoed,

"I love Thy Kingdom, Lord,  
The House of Thine abode."

The Baptists on their lot are speaking of a memorial building to be there next year; the United Presbyterians are in the Mission House; and the Presbyterians are crowding their "Occidental Bungalow" to hear Mrs. Harriet Hummel of Lolsdorf, German Africa, and here we come upon the fact that this group claims our trained, inspiring leaders and teachers, Mrs. D. B. Wells and Mrs. Paul Raymond. They have led us up to wonderful heights of vision, and put into our hearts the message to carry to our auxiliaries for the coming year.

Come and be our guests at beautiful Mt. Hermon, California, in 1915!



## PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES IN BROUSA

This paper, prepared by Miss Edith Parsons, a missionary of the W. B. M. P. in Brousa, Western Turkey, was read at the spring meeting of the Board in Seattle. As the needs of this field, so comprehensively set forth, are of special interest to the women of the Pacific Coast the article is now published, with illustrations drawn from the Brousa field.—THE EDITOR.

The opportunities for service in Turkey are limitless; the responsibility for service must equal them. The question for the individual is simply this—which particular opportunities have I made my responsibility? The Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific has assumed the support of the Brousa School for Girls. What opportunities and what responsibilities does that fact entail?

The Ottoman Empire is a complex mass of races, creeds, languages and interests, held together by the awe-inspiring memory of great conquests, the inertia of the East, and the mutual jealousies of the great powers. It was created by force, it remains, partly through the fear of force, and partly through that amazing vitality or supernatural good luck of the Turkish people, which time and again in history has reversed all predictions.

But in spite of this resurrection of the empire amid the very mutterings of partition, no one, least of all the Turks, hesitates to confess the fading of those hopes that bloomed so brightly in the first days of the Constitution. To be sure all—maybe not half—is lost. We do not have to get a passport for a day's journey, and yellow journalism is nearly as safe as in the United States. There is a Parliament, or at least the machinery to produce one. But the achievement perhaps most gladly proclaimed—the reconciliation and unification of the conflicting races—looks still in the main a golden dream. The wounds left by centuries of merciless warfare are not healed in a minute with ink. If there is no more danger of massacres to-day, that safety results partly from the fact that massacres are not allowed in polite society—and the Young Turk sincerely desires to enter polite society—and partly from the fact that in many many cases he does not love the Armenian more but his own religion less. Is there any force on earth that can ever unite these conflicting peoples and interests in a common loyalty to a common good? Is there anything that can enable those seeking light to distinguish glitter from truth, that can make the chance to help one's neighbor more to be desired than the chance to



cheat him, that can change selfishness into service, prejudice into sympathy, apathy into energy, suspicion and hatred into love? As Turkey is full of nations without a country, it is full of churches without a religion. The central committee of the Y. M. C. A. in Turkey, in giving its conditions of membership, was forced to define the word Christian, because that word alone has merely a racial significance. If you are not a Turk, or a Jew, you are of course a "Christian." Is there any force on earth that can make that wonderful name carry with it the image of him whose name it is? that can transmute creed and ritual into life, that can make prayer, communion and not words, that can change the memories of past martyrdoms into in-

spirations for present service? You have put your school in Brousa to give that force.

There are men and women in Turkey. Just the same sort of flesh and blood men and women that there are everywhere, struggling with the same difficulties, fighting the same temptations, and doing it in a land that does not know a Christian government. They are poor, they are sick, they are ignorant, they are petty-minded, and bound down by narrowness and hopelessness and selfishness, and under existing conditions they have very little chance of ever being anything else. Is there any



A FAMILY GROUP

force strong enough to take the individual life and lift it victorious over circumstance and suffering? You have put your school in Brousa to give that force.

And has the school the opportunity to do this? Brousa is a city of 120,000 people, the greater part of whom are Turks, though there is a large Armenian quarter, a large Greek quarter and a Jewish quarter. The city has a beautiful situation just where the great mass of Mount



TREADING OUT GRAPES FOR WINE

Olympus begins to rise above the Brousa plain. It possesses in abundance that choicest blessing of the Orient—water—including hot springs and mineral springs which during the lovely spring weather make the place quite a resort. And Brousa has a history. It was here that Ertoghrul's wandering band of shepherd warriors first became a nation; it was in Brousa that Othman first dreamed of empire, and here he is buried. Brousa is a religious city—witness the 365 minarets that rise above her, as well as the large Greek and Gregorian churches. Brousa is the home of the silk industry for all this part of Turkey; the worms are raised, the cocoons gathered, the silk wound off, and the cloth woven here, and during the busy season the factory whistles blow at three o'clock in the morning and work does not cease till after sundown. The Brousa plain needs only modern methods, a little capital and the assurance of a good

government to make it yield crops equal to any locality and it is about as likely to get one as the other.

In that city you own three acres of land in the highest and healthiest part of the city overlooking the plain and close to the great rock of the old citadel. On that land are two buildings—one a three-story school building with a high basement, owned by the Board of the Pacific, and the other a two-story dwelling house owned by the American Board. The school building is forty feet long by seventy feet broad. There is plenty of land for playgrounds and gardens but there is only one building for recitation rooms, study hall, dining rooms, kitchen, gymnasium, dormitories, sick room, teachers' bedrooms and teachers' sitting room. Even by utilizing one room in the residence as a classroom, one as a music room, the largest room of all as a dormitory besides holding classes in the dining room and giving music lessons in the parlor, it does not take a great deal of arithmetic to perceive that the school accommodations are decidedly inadequate. The best that can be done, only provides for about eighty boarders and the applications are far above that. Across the city, on the border line between the Turkish and Armenian quarters, is another building that has been for some years the home of the school. It is a rented building and has become entirely inadequate for the entire school, hence the removal this year of the boarding department, but it is large enough, and with some repairs would be good enough, to serve very well as a day school for the smaller Turkish and Armenian children who would not be likely to cross the city to the other buildings. Such is the plant as it exists. What is necessary and what would be desirable to add to it to make it adequate and effective? Certainly another school building so that there could be more classrooms, another dormitory, a larger study hall which could be used also for entertainments and assemblies and a small room for a library. The present study hall, which is extremely crowded, could then be used as a sitting room for the girls so that school-room and dormitories may not form their only indoor surroundings. In addition to this it is really necessary to have enough room in the new building for a Turkish bath as there is no public bath near the school. It would save enormously in work, while producing vastly more comfort and greatly lessening the risk from fire, if there could be a central heating plant for the buildings.

Is the school a sufficiently active force in the community to warrant such equipment? The enrollment up to the present time for this year is 197. Of this number 154 are Armenians, seventeen Greeks, twenty-six



Turks, all Mohammedans, and one Jew. Except in schools like this, such close association of races and creeds is never even attempted, there is no other meeting ground for allaying suspicion and producing the understanding and sympathy which can come only from knowing one another and working together. The school has, as part of its regular curriculum a Bible class each school day directly after morning prayers and all pupils must attend both. On Sunday there is also Sunday school for the boarders. Street preaching in Turkey is prohibited by the government. Protestant churches may or may not have outsiders in the audience. There is no place outside of schools like these where religious teaching can be given steadily, carefully, universally. The girls in the Brousa school come not only from every race and creed, they come from every social station. Some come from little country villages where their inspiration for further study, for helpfulness to the community, for their own spiritual life and progress, will lie almost entirely in what they



THE VILLAGE POTTER

bring with them on their return from school, and some are from Constantinople where every civic, ethical and spiritual problem of large cities both in the East and in the West are met together. Some of them come from wealthy homes, or from homes of those who are recognized



leaders in their communities, some from poor homes where the simplest laws of hygiene are unknown, and the hardest conditions must be met and overcome, yet where the Oriental idea that work is a disgrace too often is dominant. Some there are from scattered Protestant families where persecution in the past has brought isolation in the present and the slow deadening of zeal and spiritual vision that follows. There are girls from families still holding to the old churches, but eager for reform, anxious to learn how it may be accomplished; and others are from conservative homes where there is no desire for religious change but where there is a desire for Western education. And some come from Mohammedan homes, tolerant homes serene in the assurance that contact with Christianity never does convert Moslems, and from less tolerant homes lured by the promise of Western education, for which Turkey almost feverishly confesses its need. Where outside of such schools would these girls gather, would they come in contact with each other, and with Christian ideals of religion, of education, of progress, of work, of daily living, ideals made tangible and visible before them.

Turkey has been through terrible experiences in the near past. Years will not replace the sacrifice of men and money in the life and industry of the nation. As never before she desires Western knowledge, Western progress, and distrusts the hands that must give them. If there is any Western nation she does trust, it is that one that has demonstrated it had no desire for any gain in the near East, and upon whom has rested the main burden of missionary work therein.

Is it worth while then, to support the Brousa school? Not unless you can do it adequately. Unless you can give something for which you need not apologize, something that worthily represents that religion and that civilization which you desire to call American, you are in very grave danger of lowering ideals instead of raising them.

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*"Not yet the crowning! Fields must first be won,  
Lives freely yielded, martyr blood be spilt,  
Lobe cast out fear, redemption blot out guilt,  
Ere we behold the Kingdom of God's Son.*

*"We shall behold it! Lo, His Word stands sure,  
Our King shall triumph in a world set free.  
With joy His chosen ones His reign shall see!  
Pray for the workers that we may endure."*

## OUR FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. Ruth Ward Beach writes from Diong-loh, Foochow, China :—

You will be interested in the progress of our Christian Endeavor Society here in Diong-loh. The seeming deadness of the Society has been a constant problem with us ever since we came down here. Not that Diong-loh is any worse than many other places, but as this church is our first child for which we are responsible in our missionary career, we have tried to work out the problems here one by one as they present themselves. Last term our Christian Endeavor audiences were made up of the women from the Bible school, the young boys from the day school and those few teachers who are directly in our employ in the various schools. The girls in the boarding school hold their meeting by themselves as they are quite too young to be expected to take part with the older members. Now that the girls are in the building on the hill they could not be expected to come down to the church a second time on Sunday afternoon so they continue to have their meeting separate from ours. One of the day school teachers last term helped me with the Junior Endeavor division, which was made up of the young boys. The opening exercises of the meeting were held together in the church auditorium and then we took the boys off to one of the side rooms for their Junior meeting trying to encourage them thus to take part and to lead the meetings themselves.

Since Guong Gau, the assistant pastor, has come into the church work this term he has taken charge of the younger boys and the larger number of lads has made it necessary to make two divisions, one going upstairs into the tower room and the other taking the room below which is really just a passageway on the women's entrance side of the church. The older boys, who form our higher primary boys' school, stay in the senior meeting and Guong Gau and one of the other teachers take the younger boys, more than forty when they are all present, to these small rooms for their junior society meeting. So far so good, but the older society was still pitifully dead, each meeting being largely made up of long speeches by the pastor and Mr. Dang, the president, with the giving out of a few hymns by some of the women. A few Sundays ago Miss Blanchard and I talked the matter over as to how we could bring a little life into these

meetings. The first step was to find out their present form of organization. It amounted to having a president and a man to select the leaders of the meeting. Our church members here apparently are unable—or is it unwilling?—to observe more than half a Sunday, and in spite of many frequent invitations to attend the afternoon Endeavor service we cannot get more than one or two out for that meeting. The old man who leaves his Bible at the church during the week has been coming of late, so we are giving him something to do. That has been our plan—to make every one do something. Social customs forbid the women to have much to do with the men, so each committee has to have at least two women and two men, and can you imagine how many committees we have set in motion! There is the Lookout, Prayer Meeting, New Members, Missionary, Temperance, Social, Music, Flower, Visiting the Sick and Junior Endeavor. At present there are more than forty names on these committees, of course that does not mean forty individual members for some serve on two committees. Mr. Dang is president and his wife is vice president. That is because at every meeting the president sits up front with the leader and whenever a “lady” leads, the president has to retire in favor of the vice president. Then we have a feminine secretary as well as a masculine, for it would be improper for the latter to be calling off the names of the ladies. The younger boys are the Flower Committee and attend to the opening and closing of the church, since we have no regular janitor. Some of the government schoolboys who are in our higher primary are on the Social Committee and we must help them plan a social for the masculine side once a month. Miss Blanchard and I are on the Missionary Committee for they think we have access to missionary news from our many English papers, and the Chinese have no papers that give world news of missions. We will have to find articles and have them translated and given to the members. Now if we only had some of the American Board missionary maps of the world we could educate these people to think in terms of India and Africa, instead of Diong-loh and the daily launch to Foochow. They mightily need to have their world enlarged, I assure you. If any of you hear of a church that has an old set of missionary maps just ask that church for the privilege of using them out here. We would make them almost threadbare we’d use them so hard!

You will be remarking to yourselves that this is all machinery, and not the spirit of Christian Endeavor. I wish you might have been present at the last Consecration Meeting we had. The roll of members had not

been made ready so there was no roll call, but the Juniors stayed with the older society that day, and Yuong Gau had spurred his little boys on to taking part, so many of them, there was no chance for our women until the very end. Finally I spoke up half in fun and asked the boys to keep quiet a moment or two so that our side of the house could have a chance. The women are most bashful naturally and I was afraid they would be discouraged if they were not given an opportunity to take part!

Miss *Elsie Garretson* writes from Foochow, China:—

Yesterday we had a most interesting prayer meeting in the city, led by Mrs. Cooper. She and Dr. Cooper are our latest recruits, and both promise to make fine workers. There is much united prayer being offered in all the missions of this province for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all missionary and Christian workers, Chinese and foreign, in this province. Will you not remember us, and speak of our need to others? Oh that every *institution*, and every department of our work may come under the power of a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit! There are evangelistic workers both Chinese and foreign who are making a preaching tour covering all the large cities of the province. Thirteen of these large centers have been reached, and the reports which come back to us of the hearty reception accorded the preachers, and the kind co-operation with the plan, so far as it is understood by even the non-Christian residents in these cities seems most encouraging. Many say that they welcome any plan that they know will work for the moral uplift of their people. These meetings are preparatory to a large religious campaign to be carried on at Foochow in October next. The missions and the Young Men's Christian Association will all unite in the conduct of this campaign.

## A WIDER VIEW

### A Revised Version in Zulu.

Thousands of Zulus in South Africa are eagerly awaiting the revised Bible in their language, now being printed at the Bible House, New York. In 1882 the American Bible Society printed the first complete Zulu Bible, translated by the American Board missionaries in Natal. Since then it has shipped Zulu Scriptures to South Africa literally by the ton. Every Zulu who learns to read seems at once to set about buy-



ing a Bible or a Testament. The final revision of this Bible, which is now nearly completed, is the work of the Rev. J. D. Taylor, an Amherst College man, who has been in South Africa fifteen years as a missionary. Mrs. Taylor has copied the whole revised Bible on her typewriter; the proofs were sent back to South Africa for close scrutiny, and when finally returned, corrected, they set the pressmen at the Bible House free to do their share of this great work.—*Ex.*

### A Woman Evangelist Among Savages.

Rev. Robert White writes in a recent exchange: "At Tukuran, Philippine Islands, a village about an hour's journey out of Bontoc, and hostile to it from time immemorial, an American lady is sole white resident. Miss Waterman graduated with Wellesley's first class, and her recognized standing as the best authority on the dialect of the Bontoc Igorot keeps up the traditions of scholarship of her Alma Mater. She lives in Tukuran, and already there are indications that one of the small villages is going to become Christian. Several of the leading old men, with their wives and children, have already been baptized, and others are at present under instruction. This seems to suggest similar possibilities for the Mayinit region, hitherto unopened. The people have been very hostile to Americans, Filipinos and neighboring Igorots alike. There are three large compact villages—Mayinit, Guinaang and Dalican—and they boast that there is not a Christian in one of them."

### Progress in the Plans for Shansi.

Much interest is felt in the plans of the American Board to accept the proposition of the officials of Shansi to undertake the supervision of the educational system of the province. The special appeal for this object has brought in \$12,500, in gifts ranging from one dollar to one thousand dollars. It is gratifying to know that the uniqueness and the urgency of this great opportunity has thus been recognized.

The Board has appointed Mr. Arthur W. Hummel of Chicago, and his fiancée, Miss Ruth Bookwalter, to take charge of the government high school at Fenchow, under the joint arrangement with the government, and is looking for another educator to supervise the village schools. Mr. Hummel is a graduate of the Divinity School of Chicago University after a career as teacher in the government schools of Japan. His training and experience fit him finely for the work in Shansi. Miss Bookwalter, whose home is in Kansas City, Kan., has two sisters in the Ceylon Mission, Miss Lulu G. Bookwalter, who is one of the teachers in the Uduvil Girls' School and Mrs. Arthur A. Ward of Uduppiddi, now on furlough in this country.



# Our Work at Home

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

## A United Missionary Program.

Among the various forces which exist to advance missionary interests in the local church, there has arisen the so-called Committee of Twenty-eight. This committee, which began its work last February is composed of seven representatives each from the Home Missions Council, the Foreign Missions Conference, the Council of Women for Home Missions and the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of the United States. This list seems a bit heavy to digest, perhaps, but in simpler form it may read, The General Boards and the Woman's Boards, Home and Foreign, without regard to denomination, through representatives chosen from their Federations, are planning a unified missionary program for the churches during the coming fall and winter, 1914-1915, the slogan being, Christ for Every Life and All of Life, the theme of the program, The Social Force of Christian Missions.

The plans of the committee are to be advertised among the churches early in the fall. The pastors are asked to help launch them by a sermon upon the slogan and by full announcements. Printed information is prepared to suggest such lines of effort in the churches as (1) The organization and conduct of mission study groups and meetings; (2) The use of special occasions (Thanksgiving, Christmas, Week of Prayer, etc.); (3) The Every Member Canvass.

We are bringing up this new movement just now, early in the season, in order to see just how our woman's societies are related to it. What will it mean to the auxiliaries of the Woman's Boards in our churches? Is it a disturbing element to our study of *The Child in the Midst* and to our pledged work? Have we any additional duties in regard to missions because of this movement?

Perhaps a few simple statements may help our constituency to relate itself rightly to this unified church program.

1. This plan is the latest effort, and aims to be the most far-reaching, the most effective, yet devised, for putting the entire church at work for missions.

2. The theme, The Social Force of Christian Missions, is so broad and elastic as to cover any text-book which may be chosen out of the list suggested on Home or Foreign Missions. None need be changed. *The Child in the Midst* fits into the general thought with peculiar aptness. We need not therefore be disturbed in our program plans.

3. The idea is to get a church busy for missions, from the pastor in his pulpit to the kindergarten tot in his little chair at Sunday school. If the women are busy already, it is well, and they need only strive to get still busier under the impulse of an all-through-the-church enthusiasm.

4. Our organized women of the Woman's Board have a vantage ground from which they may reach a helping hand to the general church interests. For example: Requests by auxiliary leaders might encourage a pastor to preach the opening sermon, and to take a strong lead in a vigorous church campaign.

The Junior Lookout could do a valuable looking out that the Endeavorers became interested in the big scheme, arranged strong missionary programs, formed a study class or two, overhauled their system of giving to missions; that the Sunday-school cradle roll added the word "missionary" to its title; that the young women became alive to their opportunity and the children of the Sunday school and mission band were quickened.

All this of course as pastor and his force need—and they usually do need help from the women! Perhaps we are in less danger of being officious than of being oblivious!

Finally—this all-through-the-church campaign doesn't dictate as to objects of gifts and we are still to be constantly loyal to our pledged work.

M. L. D.

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## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

The forty-seventh annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held by invitation of the Philadelphia Branch in the Central Church, Philadelphia, Pa., November 11-13, 1914, closing Friday noon. There will be no preliminary meeting on Tuesday, the 10th, but the sessions of Wednesday will be devoted to features of special interest to delegates and other workers. Entertainment is offered from Tuesday night until Friday noon to all duly accredited delegates of Branches from a distance and to all missionaries of the Woman's Boards and the American Board. Applications for entertainment should be sent before October 1st to Mrs. Aaron E. Carpenter, 2025 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Those desiring to secure boarding places at their own expense may consult Mrs. Carpenter in regard to this. There will be no reduction of railroad fares.

## WITH "THE CHILD IN THE MIDST"

NORTHFIELD SUMMER SCHOOL, JULY 10-17

IT IS difficult to gather up the impressions left by the eleventh session of the Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies held at Northfield July 10-17, and to present them in a fresh form to the many Congregational women who were not among the privileged 276 who attended the gathering this year. There are so many conferences in these days and so many reports that there is danger that no clear-cut, definite result will be attained from reading yet another description of meetings and programs. There were reasons why an unusual attendance was looked for at this Summer School. The study book, with its setting forth of the conditions of child life in the non-Christian world, has made a very



THE ANGELS OF THE PAGEANT

special appeal to Christian women ever since it came from the press. It has been written by a woman, herself a missionary and a mother—Mrs. Benjamin W. Labaree, formerly of Persia, now to be associated with the Kennedy School of Missions in Hartford, Conn. It was occasion for regret that absence in Europe prevented the gifted author's attendance at Northfield. Added to the interest felt in the book was the return of the two leaders of the Summer School, Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Montgomery,



from nine months of travel among the mission fields, and the fact that their first extended report of what they had seen and heard was to be given at this time.

The special attraction of a Pageant of Child Life, under the direction of an efficient committee, of which Miss Calder was the chairman, the presence of Dr. F. B. Meyer of England, a beloved teacher of the Bible, long associated with the Northfield platform, and the always-eagerly-anticipated lectures of Mrs. Montgomery on the text-book were among the reasons which conspired to produce the largest registration the Summer School has ever had—932, with Congregationalists far in the lead. Thirteen denominations represented in this number gave daily witness to the reality of the Summer School motto, "One Heart, One Way."

The growth of the Camp idea during the three years since "Aloha" led the way is most interesting and encouraging. As Mrs. Peabody said at the opening session, "A composite photograph taken now would present a much more youthful appearance than one taken the first year." Aloha registered 114 girls from all over New England. It was under the care of a wise and tireless committee, Miss Elizabeth F. Pullen of Norwich, Conn., Mrs. W. R. Westerfield of Upper Montclair, N. J., and Miss Emily Wells of Kingston, R. I., who, with their faithful lieutenants, tried to see that the blend of spiritual teaching and healthful recreation was just right.

The girls gave as well as received, for their beautiful singing, led and directed by the genius of Miss Elsie Hand of Philadelphia, added much to the auditorium services and culminated in a soul-stirring rendering of selections from the cantata "From Olivet to Calvary" the last evening.

In addition to the hour on Methods, under the guidance of Mrs. G. B. Germond of New Britain, Conn., an indefatigable member of the Northfield Summer School Committee, there were various "electives" between which it was truly hard to choose. Miss Margaret E. Burton, Y. W. C. A. secretary for Oriental students in this country and the talented young author of three books pertaining to the education of women in non-Christian lands, talked each morning to the enthusiastic group gathered about her in regard to *The Emergency in China*. Mrs. F. H. Farmer had an equally eager following as she set forth *The Why and How of Foreign Missions*. Miss Elvira Slack took up a text-book of which she is the author, *Jesus, the Man of Galilee*, and won many friends in this her first season at Northfield. Other classes conducted by

Miss Frances H. Thompson of Dobbs' Ferry, Miss Mary Peacock and Deaconess H. R. Goodwin, gave the young women a wide choice of subjects and leaders.

Thirty missionaries from seven mission lands and eight young women under appointment were presented on the night of the missionary rally. Each country had a spokeswoman, our own Miss Judson speaking for Japan. We were told that these women represented about 450 years of service on the foreign field. The denominational rally was well attended,—about 225 women present. Aloha Camp came in a body and entered singing a processional. In addition to secretaries and missionaries, we were proud to greet Mrs. Peabody and to hear about our work in Ahmednagar as she had seen it.

The most unique missionary address was that given by Miss Jean MacKenzie of the Presbyterian Board who has worked among the primitive black folks of equatorial Africa. As has been said of her, "She knows how to get inside the black woman's skin and actually bridge the gulf between the races so she can interpret one to the other." Scarcely second was the impression made by Mrs. Motte Martin of the Belgian Congo country and her little deformed African girl who stood up before the big audience and bore witness to the Jesus she has learned to love, by singing in her own strange tongue, with some little frightened quavers, "Jesus loves me." Other notable addresses were given by Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of Japan, Mrs. Annie L. Baird of Korea and Miss Margaret Burton, whose plea for the little foreign sisters at our doors will doubtless open many Christian homes to these strangers who can learn more of Christ's gospel from simple human kindness than from many books.

The beautiful and effective pageant on the lawn of the Hotel Northfield cannot be reproduced here, even in outline. The pictures will give you a glimpse of it and it is to be printed in full by the Central Committee. The radiant little angel figures, the scene with the real Christian mother with her two real children, the tall, beautiful Spirit of Missions and the Spirit of Ignorance with her face hidden beneath a long black veil, came and went in the summer sunshine, and the panorama unfolded itself before the delighted gaze of the hundreds in the audience, till in the last act, "The Magic Christmas Tree," and the eager "telling it to the others" of the Christian children brought the tears to many eyes and a deepening of the purpose to make the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies in truth "a great, beautiful organized motherhood for the world."

## OUR BOOK TABLE

*The Crown of Hinduism*, by J. N. Farquhar, M.A. Pp. 469.

The importance of this book is indicated by the fact of its publication by the Oxford University Press at London, Bombay, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto and New York. Both favorable and unfavorable reviews of it appear in three numbers of the *International Review of Missions*. Rev. E. M. Noyes' notice is given as a separate article in the July *Missionary Herald*. A Bombay native paper speaks of it as "a notable piece of scholarly work."

Mr. Noyes speaks of the author in the following fashion: "One is impressed by his fair-minded and sympathetic attitude toward Hinduism and his appreciation of its spiritual values. His twenty years of residence in the land, his acquaintance with the educated Hindu leaders and his study of India's religious history, together with his wide research in the philosophy of religion and his grasp of the principles of Christianity, have given him a unique equipment for his great task."

Mr. Farquhar's official position is that of Literary Secretary, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations of India and Ceylon.

A previous book called *A Primer of Hinduism* was put into the hands of King George when he visited India.

Examining the index we naturally turn to those pages which treat of woman as wife and widow, and here we find much of special interest to us who are working for the spiritual, intellectual and physical emancipation of our sex the wide world over. Much might be quoted, but the book itself is within reach of all who desire to explore these regions with a trustworthy guide. The controlling theme of the book is that Christ is the one only possible and the one really desired crown of the true religious instincts of Hindus.

This book may be obtained from the Circulating Library of the Woman's Board of Missions. For two weeks only postage is charged, beyond that time two cents a day.

*The Education of Women in Japan*, by Margaret E. Burton. Published by Revell Co. Pp. 268. Price \$1.25.

Again we are greatly indebted to Miss Burton for collecting and bringing between two covers so much trustworthy information in regard to the women of Japan from their early history to the present day.

The opening chapter tells of their zeal for learning, and for religion and their prominence as rulers. Eight of Japan's ruling empresses reigned between 593 and 769 A. D.

Dr. Griffis asserts that these women were, "all of them fully equal to the male occupants of the throne and some of them decidedly superior."

While the women of that period were eager to further Buddhist and Confucian teaching, yet it was under this teaching that women became more and more suppressed.

With the opening of the Sunrise Kingdom by Commodore Perry, a new era dawned for the women of that country. The first school for girls in Japan was started in 1867 by Mrs. Dr. Hepburn of the Dutch Reformed Mission.

In 1871 the Japanese Government sent five young girls from eight to fifteen years of age to the United States to be educated at the government's expense.

One of these girls was in the family of Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven. There a friendship was formed between her and Alice Mabel Bacon which resulted in Miss Bacon's visiting Japan and putting in print the outcome of her observations in such books as *Japanese Girls and Women*. Another who was in the family of John S. C. Abbott, married Admiral Uriu. Another, Miss Tsuda, has the highest grade school for Japanese girls in the country and is herself an earnest Christian.

Miss Burton devotes a chapter to Christian Schools for Girls and another to what government is doing for the education of its women.

In the discussion of woman's life in modern Japan we hear of what women do along industrial lines and in reformatory work. The W. C. T. U. has been in active operation for more than a quarter of a century. Mrs. Yajima, its president, when the World's Convention met in Boston in 1906, made the journey alone although she had never been out of Japan and was then in her seventies.

In Miss Burton's closing Outlook she makes a plea for a woman's college which shall be interdenominational and the equal in every way of the non-Christian higher schools for women. This is urged by all who have made a special study of the next important move in the higher education of the women of non-Christian lands.

G. H. C.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from July 1 to July 31, 1914

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer

Friend,	1,106 00	Ch., 3.25; Woodfords, Aux., 16.30, S. S., 1.64,	1,313 39
MAINE.			
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bingham, S. S., Prim. Dept.,	3 15		
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland.			
Western Maine Branch, 1,250; Auburn, Sixth St. Ch., Aux., 6; Farmington, Aux., 14; Harrison, Aux., 7.20; Norway, Aux., 10; Otisfield, East, Aux., 5; Westbrook,			
		Total,	1,316 54
		NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
		<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 North Spring St., Concord. A daughter in mem. of her mother, I. H. N., 48; Atkinson, Aux., 20; Claremont, Prim. Dept. S. S., 4; Hebron, Ch., 3.60; Keene, Court St. Ch., Aux., 37;	



Kensington, Ch., 2.70; Manchester, Miss Martha W. Hubbard, 25, South Main St. Ch., Aux., 40; Nashua, Miss. Outlook Soc. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. A. K. Woodbury), 70; Somersworth, First Ch., 6; Tilton, Aux., 17.39, 273 69

## MASSACHUSETTS.

*Andover and Woburn Branch.*—Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thorndike St., Lawrence. Andover, South Ch., A Friend, 270, Home Dept. S. S., 25; Lawrence, South Ch., 12.92, Trinity Ch., Miss Prescott, 2.85, Aux., 29.70, C. R., 6.30; Lexington, Hancock Ch., A Friend, 16, Aux., 6.75; Lowell, Eliot Ch., Aux., 22, High St. Ch., Aux., 25, Highland Ch., Aux., 8.75; North Chelmsford, Aux., 24; Reading, Aux., 50; Wakefield, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. G. P. Carey, Mrs. Mary Cate, Mrs. Laura L. Keith, Mrs. Ella Little); Winchester, First Ch., C. R., 20.50, Second Ch., Aux., 10, 520 77

*Barnstable Association.*—Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis. Yarmouth, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2 00

*Cambridge.*—Miss Laura B. Chamberlain, 25 00  
*Essex North Branch.*—Mrs. Nicholas C. Johnson, Treas., 300 Main St., Haverhill. Amesbury, Union Ch., Miss. Soc., 20; Merrimac, First Ch., 7.26; Newburyport, Belleville Ch., 25.09, Jr. Dept. S. S., 3.38, Central Ch., Aux., 50, Miss. Study Cl., 5, Phi Delta Pi Club, 5, 115 73

*Essex South Branch.*—Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., A Friend, 100, Immanuel Ch., 10, Second Ch., Prim. S. S., 4, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Washington St. Ch., S. S., 5, Prim. S. S., 2.50, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Danvers, First Ch., Prim. S. S., 3, Maple St. Ch., Aux., 70.42, Prim. S. S., 5; Essex, Memorial, Aux., 1, Mrs. Caleb Law, 10, C. E. Soc., 25; Gloucester, Trinity Ch., Aux., 30; Hamilton, C. R., 2.58; Lynn, First Ch., C. R., 8.71, Prim. S. S., 5, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2, North Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Newell F. Deming), 25, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Manchester, C. R., 14; Salem, Crombie St. Ch., C. R., 2.75, M. C., 16.65, Tabernacle Ch., Dau. of Cov., 25, Prim. S. S., 10, Jr. S. S., 5, M. C., 15; Saugus, Cliftondale, Miss. Study Cl., 9, 421 61

*Franklin County Branch.*—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Bernardston, Len. Off., 12; Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., 12, C. R., 5; Northfield, Aux., 25; Shelburne, East, S. S., 5, Jr. Cl., 5, 64 00

*Hampshire County Branch.*—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, Hope Ch., 3 00

*Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. Frederick L. Clafin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Natick, F. M. S., 45; Wellesley, Aux., 150, 195 00

*Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.*—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Braintree, South, Kinder, Dept. S. S., 2.76; Plymouth, Ch. of Pilgrimage, Prim. Dept. S. S., 12.50; Stoughton, Aux., 5, Little Light Bearers Band, 5; Whitman, First Ch., 15.37, 40 63

*North Middlesex Branch.*—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Concord, Aux., 60 00

*Old Colony Branch.*—Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Attleboro Falls, Aux., 17; Fall River, W. F. M. S., 110; Lakeville and Taunton Precinct, Ch., 15; Taunton, Winslow Ch., 10, 152 00

*Springfield Branch.*—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Feeding Hills, C. R., 9.50; North Wilbraham, Grace Union Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. James Pickles), 25, S. S., 5; Palmer, S. cond Ch., Aux., 11.75; Springfield, Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, 50, First Ch., Miss. Club, 10, 111 25

*Suffolk Branch.*—Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Friend, 100; Arlington, S. S., 10; Boston, Old South Ch., Aux., E. 100; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., Inter. C. E. Soc., 3; Brighton, Aux., 75; Brookline, Leyden Ch., Beacon Lights, 5; Cambridge, Pilgrim Ch., 24.06, Woman's Miss. Soc., 25, C. R., 4.68, S. S., Prim. Dept., 5, Wood Memorial Ch., 8.85; Canton, Woman's Benev. Soc. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. John Mullen), 40; Dedham, St. M. B., 12, Jr. M. B., 5; Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux., 39.31, Y. L. M. S., 60, S. S., 10; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 75; Neponset, Trinity Ch., Stone Aux., 3; Newton, Mrs. Henry O. Marcy, Jr., 10; Newton Centre, First Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 10; Newton, West, Second Ch., Aux., 105.60; Norwood, S. S., Prim. Dept., 6; Roslindale, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 25, Highland Ch., Aux., 75, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., 26; Somerville, Prospect Hill Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 3, Winter Hill Ch., Aux., 60; Walspole, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3.50; Waltham, First Ch., Miss. Soc., 25, C. R., 20.11; Waverley, C. R., 8.33, S. S., Prim. and Jr., 6.50; Wellesley Hills, First Ch., S. S., 21.69, 1,020 63

*Worcester Co. Branch.*—Mrs. Thomas E. Babb, Jr., Treas., 18 Shattuck St., Worcester. Ashburnham, First Ch., 11.25; Lancaster, Mrs. Edward L. Greene, 10; North Leominster, Ch. of Christ, 6.25; Worcester, Union Ch., 25.50, 53 00

Total,

2,793 62

## LEGACIES.

*Deerfield.*—Lepha Ann Kingman, by Parker D. Martin, Extr., 1,000 00

*Hopkinton.*—Lowell B. Maybray, Add'l, 391 04

*Worcester.*—Harriet Wheeler Damon, by Frank H. Wiggin, Trustee, Add'l, 50 00

Total,

1,441 04

## CONNECTICUT.

*Eastern Connecticut Branch.*—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Eastford, Ch., 4; New London, First Ch., Aux., 8; Norwich, First Ch., C. R., 3.53; Willimantic, C. R., 3.05, 18 58

*Hartford Branch.*—Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 212.50; Int. Julia W. Jewell Fund, 67.50; Mrs. Edward B. Capen, 25; Berlin, Aux., 20, C. R., 9, Girls' Aid Soc., 5; Buckingham, Aux., 21.50; East Hartford, S. S. C. R., 6.50; Enfield, Aux., 54.50; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., C. R., 14, Girls' M. C., 13;

Hockanum; Ladies' Aid Soc., 5; Manchester, Second Ch., 103.12; Newington, Aux., 20.25; Plainville, Aux., 20; Rockville, Aux., 70; South Manchester, Aux., 50; South Windsor, Aux., 20; Suffield, Aux., 33,

769 87

Total,

788 45

NEW YORK.

*Corbettsville.*—Friend, 75 00  
*New York State Branch.*—Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Mrs. T. R. D., 20; Mrs. Walter McDougall, 15; Mrs. W. C. Wood, 15; Fairport, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, 10,

60 00

Total,

135 00

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

*Philadelphia Branch.*—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, Ingram Memorial Ch., Ladies' Union, 25, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux. (75 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. Margaret Campbell Buell, Mrs. Levi Chubbuck, Mrs. A. L. Sturtevant), 200, C. R., 12.50; *Fla.*, St. Petersburg, Aux., 3; *Ga.*, Atlanta, Central Ch., 7.61; *N. J.*, Bound Brook, Aux., 55; Jersey City, First Ch., Aux., 75, Y. L. M. B., 25; Montclair, Louise Wheeler Cir., 751.31; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Miss Hetta L. H. Ward, 50; Orange Valley, Y. W. Aux., 50; *Pa.*, Centerville, Woman's Miss. Union, 10; Glenoldin, C. E. Soc., 5; Spring Creek, Ch., 2.50,

1,271 92

CALIFORNIA.

*San Diego.*—Miss Susan E. Thatcher, 30 00

CEYLON.

*Udovil.*—Mrs. Thomas B. Scott, 25 00

TURKEY.

*Mardin.*—Women of Mardin Field, 22 00

*Tatas.*—Girls' School, C. E. Soc., 9 55

Total,

31 55

Donations, \$5,675 87  
Buildings, 2,066 90  
Specials, 29 00  
Legacies, 1,441 04

Total,

\$9,212 81

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1913 TO JULY 31, 1914.

Donations, \$94,140 94  
Buildings, 37,703 47  
Specials, 1,958 91  
Legacies, 32,443 64

Total,

\$166,246 96

*Correction.*—In August LIFE AND LIGHT Legacies, 3,597.48 should read 3,597.40.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT.

Previously acknowledged, \$74,364 20  
Receipts of the month, 2,066 90

Total,

\$76,431 10

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

Receipts for June, 1914

MISS HENRIETTA F. BREWER, Treasurer, 770 Kingston Ave., Oakland, Cal.

CALIFORNIA.

*Northern California Branch.*—Mrs. E. A. Evans, Treas., Mill Valley, Alameda, King's Daughters, 80, Gift of Mrs. Sayre, 5; Benicia, 3.50; Berkeley, First, 82; Collection at quarterly meeting, 11.50; Fresno, First, 7.50; Oakland, Fourth, 30, Pilgrim, Cradle Roll, 7, Plymouth, Cradle Roll, 14.57; Pacific Grove, 14.70; Sacramento, Outlook Club, 12.50; San Francisco, First, Gift of Mrs. Ch. D. Blaney, 75; San José, 170; Santa Cruz, 75; Saratoga, Gift of Mrs. Chas. D. Blaney, 75; Sonoma, 6.25,

669 52

*Southern California Branch.*—Miss Emily M. Barrett, Treas., 178 Centre St., Pasadena. Avalon, 5; Claremont, S. S., 12.50; Calegrove, Gift of Miss Agnes Smith, 15; Claremont, Personal Gifts, 45; Glendale, Mrs. Galey and daughter, 30; Highland, Jr. C. E., 2.50; Long Beach, 20; Ontario, Light Bearers, 2.20; Pasadena, Lake Ave., 25, Neighborhood, 20; Prescott, Arizona, 25; San Diego, First, 62.50,

264 70

OREGON.

*Oregon Branch.*—Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 West Park St., Portland. Forest

Grove, 28; Hillsboro, 11.65; Portland, First, 41.10, Highland, 3, Sunnyside, 7.45, First, C. E., 30.80; Wilsonville, 50 cts.,

122 50

UTAH.

*Utah Branch.*—Mrs. Geo. Brown, Treas., Sandy. Salt Lake City, First,

10 00

WASHINGTON BRANCH.

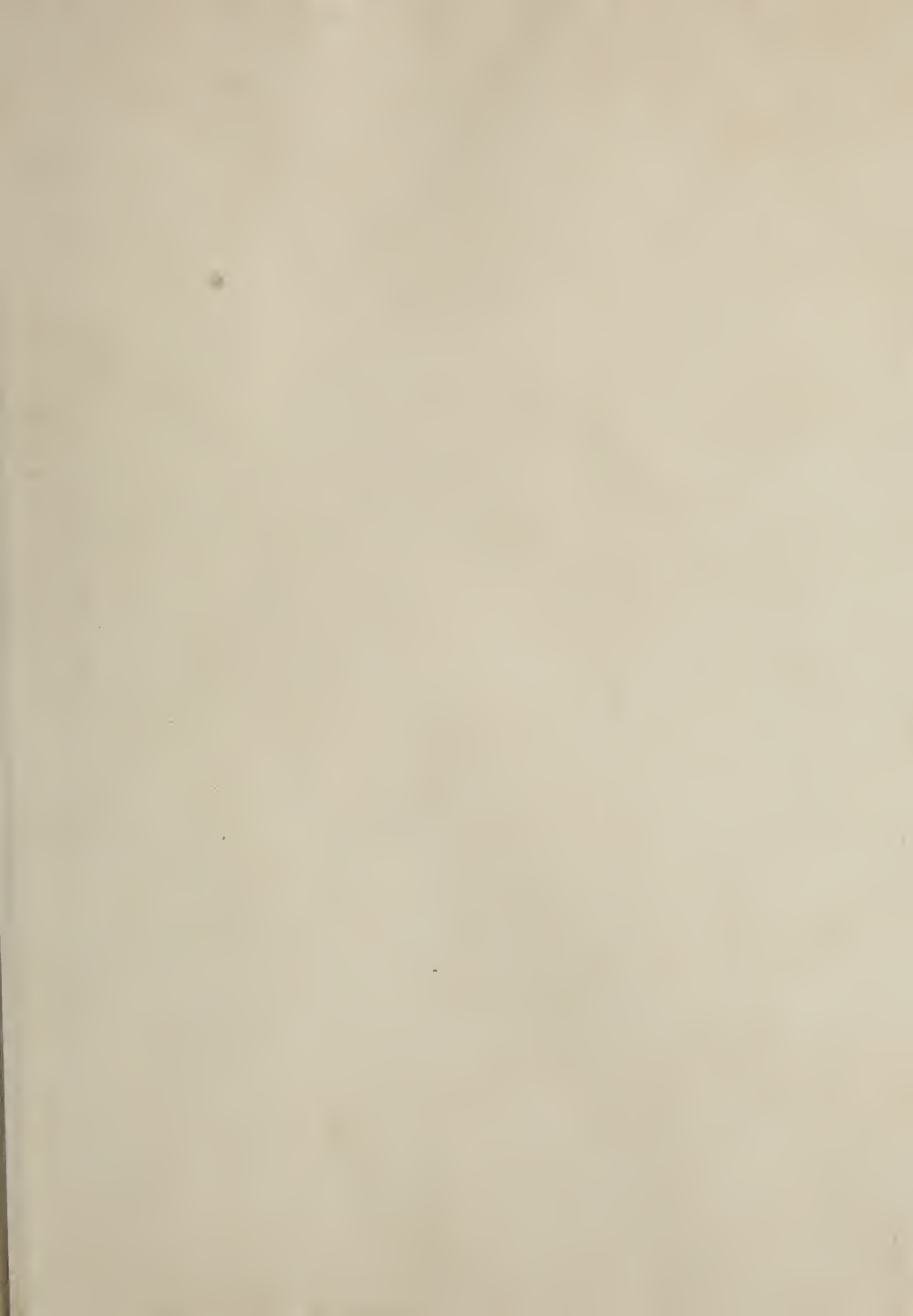
*Washington Branch.*—Mrs. Everett Smith, Treas., 1533 18th Ave., Seattle. Aberdeen, 14; ———, 15; Bellingham, 10; Dayton, Special, 10; Naches, 7.50; Pullman, 10; Seattle, Keystone, 7.25, Pilgrim, 20, Plymouth, 90, Jr. S. S., 3.02; Spokane, Westside, 10; Sylvan, 7.60; Tacoma, First, 10, Gift of Miss Jaquith (special), 10; Walla Walla, 170,

394 37

Total,

1,459 09

R. B. FERRIER, Acting Treas.,  
2716 Hilllegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.



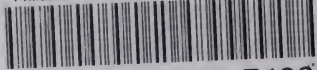
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Life and Light for Woman

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



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